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# LITTLE EMMA AND HER FATHER.



*A LESSON FOR PROUD CHILDREN.*



**BY MISS HORWOOD.**



**EMBELLISHED WITH FOUR COLOURED PLATES.**



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## *Emma and her Father.*



EMMA's papa was once quite rich,  
And did in town reside ;  
And Emma was his only child,  
His hope, his joy, and pride.

But Emma ill repaid his care,  
His tenderness, and love ;  
For idle, self-will'd, proud, and vain,  
His little girl did prove.

He tried, by ev'ry gentle means,  
Her errors to amend ;  
And she oft promis'd that she would  
To his advice attend.

But Emma often falsehoods told,  
 For she car'd not for truth ;  
 And so would strive to hide her faults,  
 E'en in her earliest youth.

Thus her poor father knew not half  
 The errors of his child ;  
 He knew not that to him alone  
 Emma was kind and mild,  
 And that the little naughty girl,  
 When absent from his side,  
 Behav'd as ill as child could do,  
 And car'd not who might chide.

The servants of her father's house  
 She treated with disdain ;  
 She thought, whate'er she said to them,  
 They ought not to complain.





She would not think of what papa  
     Had often to her said,  
 That it was God who made them poor,  
     And forc'd to work for bread ;  
  
 And that each child, who would do right,  
     Must always strive to prove  
 Deserving of their watchful care,  
     And grateful for their love.

You cannot tell but God, some day,  
     May make you just as poor ;  
 Oblig'd, like them, to labour hard,  
     For all that you procure.

Then think how you would like to be  
     Treated with cross disdain,  
 When you do all that's in your power,  
     Good-will and love to gain.

I hope then you'll not be too proud  
 To learn whate'er is taught,  
 However humble is the task,  
 As all good children ought.

If little Emma had done so,  
 And not been proud or vain,  
 When her papa became quite poor,  
 She would have felt less pain.

For then proud Emma would have known  
 That there was no disgrace  
 In being forc'd to attend herself,  
 And live in meaner place.

If she had minded that good book  
 Papa to school had sent,  
 She would have learnt, whate'er her lot,  
 To always be content.

But Emma would not take the pains  
 To study what was right;  
 In dressing fine, and idle tricks,  
 Was all her heart's delight.

At last she suffer'd for her faults,  
 As all bad children must,  
 Who will not to the good advice  
 Of their kind parents trust.

Emma was just thirteen years old,  
 When sad misfortunes came:  
 Her poor papa lost all his wealth,  
 Yet did he feel no shame;

For he had tried to do his best,  
 His duty to fulfil;  
 And he had early learn'd content  
 To his great Maker's will.

And now he was obliged to take  
 A cottage very small;  
 And to it brought his little girl,  
 For she was now his all.

He fondly hop'd that she would strive,  
 By conduct ever kind,  
 To cheer his home, now he was poor,  
 And soothe his troubled mind.

Then think how ach'd that parent's heart,  
 How was his mind distress'd,  
 To find the child he lov'd so dear,  
 Whom he so fondly bless'd,  
 Too proud to like so small a house,  
 Or with her maid to part;  
 She took no pains, she felt no wish,  
 To cheer her father's heart.





Instead of smiles of cheerfulness,  
His humble home to grace,  
From morn to night, with frowning brow,  
And gloomy sullen face ;

Her parent saw, with bitter grief,  
His Emma so unkind ;  
And soon he very ill became,  
Through his distress of mind.

And this unfeeling, worthless child,  
Would not give up her play,  
To watch by her sick father's side,  
One hour in the whole day ;

But she, with noisy, idle girls,  
Would romp a-down the vale ;  
Or, seated on the cottage style,  
Would read some idle tale.

'Twas sad to see the falling tears  
 Bedim her father's eyes:  
 It might have mov'd the hardest heart,  
 To hear his mournful sighs.

But soon these sighs were heard no more;  
 These tears no more were shed;  
 His cruel child had broke his heart,—  
 That parent kind—was dead !

Emma had now no parent left,  
 To earn her bread to eat;  
 And no one lik'd her well enough  
 To give her clothes and meat.

So she was forced to work herself,  
 Or she would soon have died;  
 And now we see how very wrong  
 Was little Emma's pride.

For what her friends took pains to teach,  
 She never strove to learn,  
 Or she'd have found a better way  
 Her livelihood to earn.

Nor had she striv'n to make herself  
 In heart and temper good ;  
 And no one would adopt a child  
 So cross, so proud, and rude ;

So Emma was oblig'd at last  
 To carry milk about ;  
 Whether the morn was wet or cold,  
 Emma must still go out.

Yet still this self-will'd, naughty girl,  
 Sought not her faults to mend ;  
 For if she had repented them,  
 She would have found a friend :

The farmer's wife for whom she work'd  
 Would to her have been kind,  
 If, 'stead of sulky, pouting looks,  
 That shew'd a stubborn mind,  
 She had been sorry for her faults,  
 And done all that she could  
 To gratefully repay her care,  
 And earn her daily food.

'Twas therefore only Emma's fault,  
 That she was sad and poor:  
 If she'd been good, she had not borne  
 Milk-pails from door to door.

One day, she met a gipsey gang  
 Upon the village green;  
 And by the farmer's wife no more  
 Was idle Emma seen.





For she had join'd the ragged set,  
 And with them left the vale;  
 She, foolish girl, to them had spoke,  
 And told a piteous tale.

Then they persuaded her to go  
 With them to rove about:  
 And soon their hard and dreadful life  
 The wretched girl found out.

Half-starv'd, and beat, if she complain'd,  
 And barefoot forc'd to go;  
 She daily lost her health and strength,  
 Her heart was fill'd with woe.

At length, mournful, beneath a tree,  
 The dying Emma sat;  
 The cruel gipsies, hard of heart,  
 Had left her to her fate.

And Emma now began to think,  
 With tears of bitter woe,  
 Her wicked faults had well deserv'd  
 All she did undergo.

She pray'd to God, that he'd forgive  
 The ills that she had done ;  
 And that her history might serve  
 To warn each little one.

“ Alas ! I've been a sinful child ! ”  
 The penitent did cry ;  
 “ And for my disobedient pride,  
 Thus wretchedly I die ! ”

“ Oh ! may each little child, who hears  
 The story of my end,  
 Learn to their parents' kind advice  
 For ever to attend ! ”

And soon young Einma, on the ground,  
 All cold and lifeless lay;  
 But may the awful words she spoke,  
 Upon her dying day,  
 A warning prove to ev'ry child  
 Who is too proud to mind  
 The counsels of their elder friends,  
 And of their parents kind.



FINIS.





